

CLASSICS

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No.
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HAMLET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



HAMLET

By WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE



HAMLET WAS CALLED HOME TO DENMARK FROM GERMANY BY THE SUDDEN DEATH OF HIS FATHER, THE KING. ON HIS RETURN TO THE ROYAL CASTLE AT ELSINORE, HAMLET WAS SHOCKED TO FIND THAT HIS MOTHER HAD WAITED ONLY A FEW WEEKS AFTER HER HUSBAND'S DEATH BEFORE MARRYING AGAIN... THIS TIME TO CLAUDIUS, THE LATE KING'S BROTHER. BY THIS MARRIAGE, CLAUDIUS WAS ABLE TO SEIZE THE THRONE WHICH RIGHTFULLY BELONGED TO HAMLET. HAMLET WAS DEEPLY GRIEVED BY HIS FATHER'S DEATH AND EQUALLY BITTER OVER HIS MOTHER'S HASTY REMARRIAGE.

NOW, ON WITH THE PLAY.

ILLUSTRATED BY
ALEX A. BLUM

IT IS MIDNIGHT AND THE CASTLE GUARD IS CHANGING.



BERNARDO?



I THINK I HEAR THEM. STAND, HO! WHO IS THERE?



FOR THIS RELIEF MUCH THANKS, 'TIS BITTER COLD.

IF YOU DO MEET HORATIO AND MARCELLUS, THE RIVALS OF MY WATCH, BID THEM MAKE HASTE.



FAREWELL, HONEST SOLDIER.


GIVE YOU GOOD-NIGHT.






WELCOME,
HORATIO,
WELCOME, GOOD
MARCELLUS.

HAS THIS
THING APPEARED
AGAIN
TO-NIGHT?




I HAVE
SEEN
NOTHING.

MORATIO SAYS 'TIS BUT OUR FANTASY,
AND WILL NOT LET BELIEF TAKE HOLD
OF HIM TOUCHING THIS DREADED SIGHT,
TWICE SEEN BY US; THEREFORE, I HAVE
ENTREATED HIM ALONG WITH US TO
WATCH THE MINUTES OF THIS NIGHT,
THAT IF AGAIN THIS APPARITION COME,
HE MAY APPROVE OUR
EYES AND SPEAK TO IT.



WELL, SIT
WE DOWN,
AND LET
US HEAR
BERNARDO
SPEAK
OF THIS.

LAST NIGHT, WHEN YOND
SAME STAR THAT'S WEST-
WARD FROM THE POLE HAD
MADE HIS COURSE T'ILLUME
THAT PART OF HEAVEN WHERE
NOW IT BEAMS, MARCELLUS
AND MYSELF, THE BELL THEN
BEATING ONE...

PEACE, BREAK THEE
OFF! LOOK, WHERE
IT COMES AGAIN!

IN THE SAME
FIGURE, LIKE
THE KING
THAT'S DEAD!





HOW NOW, HORATIO? YOU TREMBLE AND LOOK PALE; IS NOT THIS SOMETHING MORE THAN FANTASY?

BEFORE MY GOD, I MIGHT NOT BELIEVE WITHOUT THE SENSIBLE AND TRUE AVOUCH* OF MINE OWN EYES.



THE GHOST IS ABOUT TO SPEAK WHEN, SUDDENLY, A COCK CROWS IN THE DISTANCE, ANNOUNCING THE BREAK OF DAY. THE GHOST ABRUPTLY TURNS AND STARTS TO LEAVE...


STOP IT, MARCELLUS!

SHALL I STRIKE AT IT?




'TIS HERE!

'TIS HERE!



'TIS GONE! WE DO IT
WRONG TO OFFER IT THE
SHOW OF VIOLENCE, FOR
IT IS, AS THE AIR, INVUL-
NERABLE, AND OUR VAIN
BLOWS MALICIOUS MOCKERY.

IT WAS ABOUT
TO SPEAK, WHEN
THE COCK CREW,



BREAK WE OUR WATCH UP, AND
LET US IMPART WHAT WE HAVE
SEEN UNTO YOUNG HAMLET; FOR,
UPON MY LIFE, THIS SPIRIT, DUMB
TO US, WILL SPEAK TO HIM.

LET'S DO 'T,
I PRAY, AND I
KNOW WHERE WE
SHALL FIND HIM.

INSIDE THE ROYAL CASTLE, HAMLET SITS ALONE, GIVING VOICE TO HIS GRIEF AND BITTERNESS...



O, THAT THIS TOO TOO SOLID FLESH WOULD MELT,
THAW AND RESOLVE ITSELF INTO A DEW!
OR THAT THE EVERLASTING HAD NOT FIX'D
HIS CANON 'GAINST SELF-SLAUGHTER! O GOD! GOD!
HOW WEARY, STALE, FLAT AND UNPROFITABLE
SEEM TO ME ALL THE USES OF THIS WORLD!
FIE ON 'T! AH FIE! 'TIS AN UNWEED'D GARDEN,
THAT GROWS TO SEED, THINGS RANK AND GROSS IN NATURE
POSSESS IT MERELY. THAT IT SHOULD COME TO THIS!
BUT TWO MONTHS DEAD! NAY, NOT SO MUCH, NOT TWO:
SO EXCELLENT A KING; THAT WAS, TO THIS,
HYPERION TO A SATYR: SO LOVING TO MY MOTHER,
THAT HE MIGHT NOT BETWEEN THE WINDS OF HEAVEN
VISIT HER FACE TOO ROUGHLY, HEAVEN AND EARTH!
MUST I REMEMBER? WHY, SHE WOULD HANG ON HIM,
AS IF INCREASE OF APPETITE HAD GROWN
BY WHAT IT FEED ON: AND YET, WITHIN A MONTH—
LET ME NOT THINK ON 'T.—FRAILTY, THY NAME IS WOMAN:
A LITTLE MONTH, OR ERE THOSE SHOES WERE OLD
WITH WHICH SHE FOLLOWED MY POOR FATHER'S BODY,
LIKE NIOBE, ALL TEARS:—WHY SHE, EVEN SHE,—
O GOD! A BEAST THAT WANTS DISCOURSE OF REASON
WOULD HAVE MOURN'D LONGER—MARRIED WITH MY UNCLE,
MY FATHER'S BROTHER, BUT NO MORE LIKE MY FATHER
THAN I TO HERCULES! WITHIN A MONTH,
ERE YET THE SALT OF MOST UNRIGHTEOUS TEARS
HAD LEFT THE FLUSHING IN HER GALL'D EYES,
SHE MARRIED. IT IS NOT, NOR IT CANNOT COME TO GOOD!
BUT BREAK, MY HEART, FOR I MUST HOLD MY TONGUE!

A MOMENT LATER, HORATIO, MARCELLUS AND BERNARDO ENTER AND TELL HAMLET ALL THAT HAD HAPPENED THE NIGHT BEFORE...

I WILL WATCH
TONIGHT, PER-
CHANCE 'T WILL
WALK AGAIN.

MY FATHER'S
SPIRIT IN ARMS,
ALL IS NOT WELL;
I DOUBT SOME
FOUL PLAY WOULD
THE NIGHT WERE
COME. TILL THEN
SIT STILL, MY
SOUL, FOUL DEEDS
WILL RISE, THOUGH
ALL THE EARTH
OVERWHELM THEM
TO MEN'S EYES.



MEANWHILE, LAERTES, SON OF THE KING'S CHIEF ADVISOR, POLONIUS, READIES HIMSELF TO TRAVEL TO FRANCE. BEFORE GOING, HE WARNS HIS SISTER, OPHELIA, NOT TO RETURN HAMLET'S LOVE FOR HER. POLONIUS ENTERS AND CAUTIONS HIS SON AS TO HIS BEHAVIOR WHILE IN FRANCE...

GIVE THY THOUGHTS NO TONGUE, NOR
ANY UNPROPORTION'D THOUGHT HIS ACT;
—THIS ABOVE ALL: TO
THINE OWN SELF BE TRUE,
AND IT MUST FOLLOW, AS
THE NIGHT THE DAY, THOU
CANST NOT BE FALSE TO
ANY MAN, FARE-
WELL; MY
BLESSING
SEASON THIS
IN THEE.



AFTER LAERTES LEAVES, POLONIUS ALSO WARNS OPHELIA AGAINST RETURNING HAMLET'S LOVE.....

DO NOT BELIEVE HIS VOWS; I WOULD
NOT, IN PLAIN TERMS, FROM THIS TIME
FORTH HAVE YOU GIVE TALK WITH THE
LORD HAMLET.



THAT NIGHT, ACCOMPANIED BY HORATIO AND MARCELLUS, HAMLET GOES TO MEET THE GHOST. EXACTLY AT MIDNIGHT, THE GHOST APPEARS...

ANGELS AND MINISTERS OF GRACE DEFEND US! BE THOU A SPIRIT OF HEALTH OR GOBLIN DAMN'D, BRING WITH THEE AIRS FROM HEAVEN OR BLASTS FROM HELL, BE THY INTENTS WICKED OR CHARITABLE, THOU COM'ST IN SUCH A QUESTIONABLE SHAPE THAT I WILL SPEAK TO THEE. I'LL CALL THEE HAMLET, KING, FATHER, ROYAL DANE... O, ANSWER ME! WHAT MAY THIS MEAN, THAT THOU, DEAD CORSE, * AGAIN IN

COMPLETE STEEL REVISITS THIS?



THE GHOST BECKONS
HAMLET TO FOLLOW IT...

YOU SHALL
NOT GO,
MY LORD.

HOLD OFF YOUR
HANDS. GO ON, I'LL
FOLLOW THEE.

HAMLET FOLLOWS THE
GHOST DOWN THE STAIR-
WAY TO A DESERTED
SPOT. THE
GHOST THEN
TURNS AND
SPEAKS...

I AM THY FATHER'S SPIRIT-
DOOMED TO WALK THE NIGHT,
AND FOR THE DAY CONFIN'D
TO FAST IN FIRES, TILL THE
FOUL CRIMES DONE IN MY DAYS
OF NATURE ARE PURGED
AWAY. LIST! IF THOU DIDST
EVER THY DEAR FATHER
LOVE, REVENGE HIS FOUL AND
MOST UNNATURAL MURDER.

MURDER! HASTE
ME TO KNOW'T, THAT
I MAY SWEEP
TO MY REVENGE.

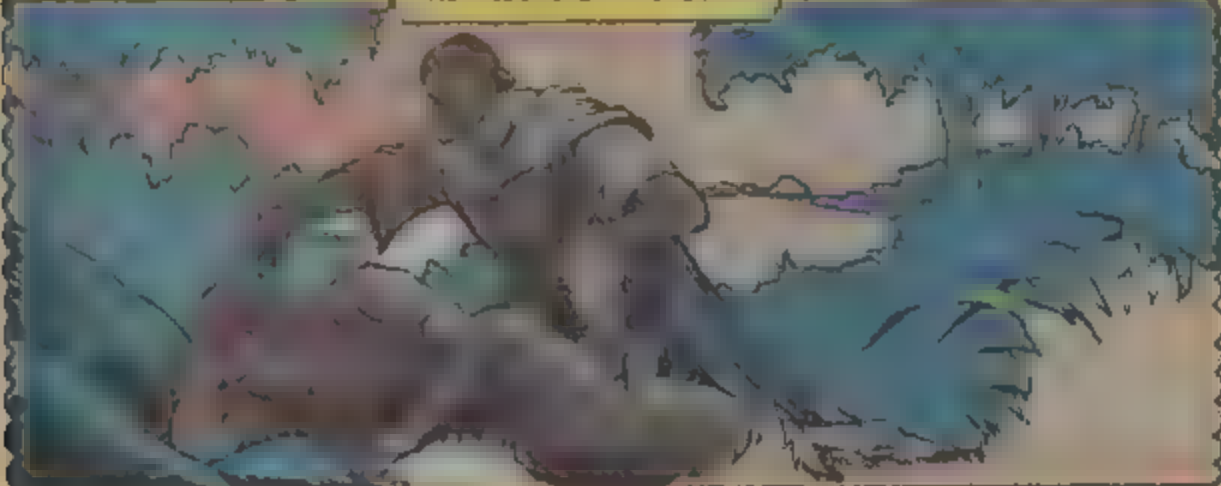
'TIS GIVEN OUT THAT, SLEEPING
IN MY ORCHARD, A SERPENT STUNG
ME; BUT KNOW, THE SERPENT THAT
DID STING THY FATHER'S LIFE NOW
WEARS HIS CROWN.

"SLEEPING WITHIN MINE ORCHARD, UPON MY SECURE HOUR,
THY UNCLE STOLE WITH JIKE OF CURSED NEBONA"
IN A VIAL...

*APPENDIX'S NEED

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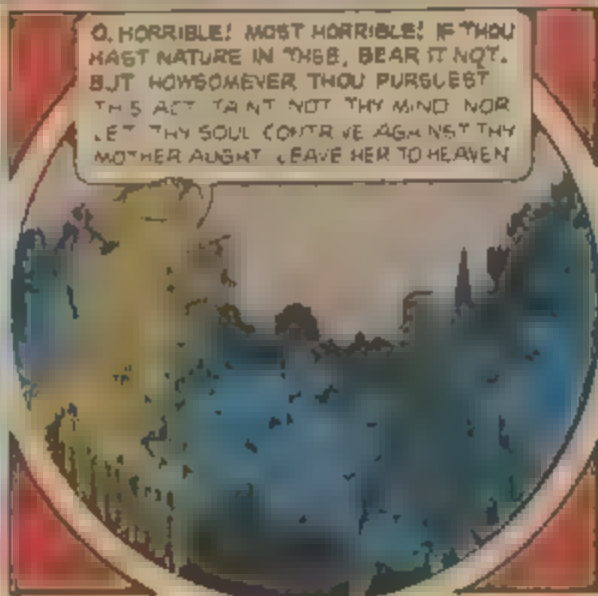
"AND IN MINE EARS DID POUR THIS LEPROUS DISTILLMENT WHOSE EFFECT HOLDS SUCH AN ENMITY WITH BLOOD OF MAN THAT SWIFT AS QUICKSILVER IT COURSES THROUGH THE NATURAL GATES AND ALLEYS OF THE BODY"



"THIS WAS I SLEEPING BY A BROOKER'S HAND OF LIFE OF CROWN OF GREEN AT ONE DISPATCH O"



O HORRIBLE! MOST HORRIBLE! IF THOU HAST NATURE IN THEE, BEAR IT NOT. BUT HOWSOEVER THOU PURSUEST THIS ACT TAUNT NOT THY MIND NOR LET THY SOUL CONTRIVE AGAINST THY MOTHER AUGHT. LEAVE HER TO HEAVEN



AS THEY SPEAK A DARKNESS FALLS AND THEY BREAKS THE MIST MUST LEAVE

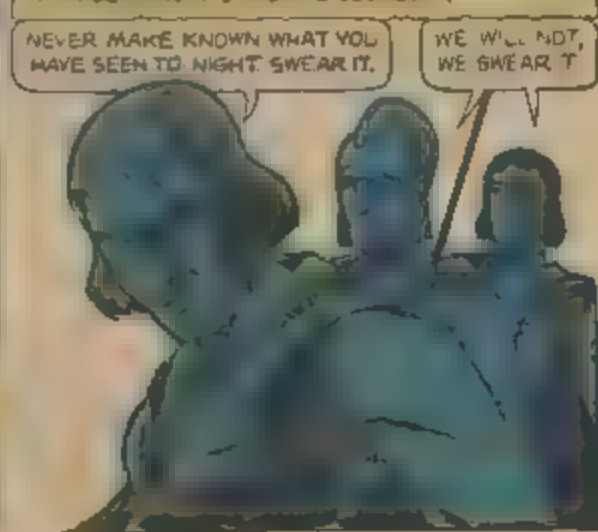
FARE THEE WELL AT THIS ADEL ADRI REMEMBER



AFTER THE GHOST WAS GONE, HORATIO AND MARCELLUS ASK TO BE INFORMED AS TO WHAT THE GHOST HAD SAID. INSTEAD, HAMLET SWEARS THEM TO SECRECY.

NEVER MAKE KNOWN WHAT YOU HAVE SEEN TO NIGHT. SWEAR IT.

WE WILL NOT, WE SWEAR IT



HAMLET

"AS I WAS SEWING LORD HAMLET NO HAT UPON HIS HEAD, HIS STOCKINGS FOLDED PALE AS HIS SHIRT AND WITH A LOOK SO PITEOUS IN PURSUIT * COMES BEFORE ME."

A 9 DAYS PASS A STRANGE MADNESS. PART REAL AND PART FEIGNED COMES OVER HAMLET ONE DAY HE ENTERS OPHELIA'S ROOM AND SHOCKS HER BY HIS STRANGE BEHAVIOR SHE REPORTS THIS TO HER FATHER.



MAD FOR THY LOVE?

MY LORD I DONOT KNOW BUT TRULY I DO FEAR *

WHAT SAID HE?

HE TOOK ME BY THE WRIST AND HELD ME HARD, THEN GOES HE TO THE LENGTH OF ALL HIS ARM, AND, WITH HIS OTHER HAND O'ER HIS BROW HE FALLS TO PERUSAL OF MY FACE. LONG STAY'D HE SO. THAT DONE HE LETS ME GO, AND WITH HIS HEAD OVER HIS SHOULDER TURN'D, HE

SEEMED TO FIND HIS WAY WITHOUT HIS EYES FOR OUT O DOORS HE WENT WITHOUT THEIR HELP AND TO THE LAST BENDED THEIR EIGHTON ME

THIS IS THE VERY ECSTASY * OF LOVE. HAVE YOU GIVEN HIM ANY HARD WORDS OF LATE?

NO BUT AS YOU DID COMMAND I DID REFE. HIS LETTERS AND DENY'D HIS ACCESS TO ME

THAT HATH MADE HIM MAD COME WE GO TO THE KING. THIS MUST BE KNOWN

WARRINESS

MEANWHILE KING CLAUDIUS AND QUEEN GERTRUDE IN AN EFFORT TO DISCOVER THE CAUSE OF HAMLET'S STRANGE BEHAVIOR ORDER TWO OF HAMLET'S FRIENDS ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN TO SPY ON HAMLET

DRAW HIM ON TO PLEASURES AND GATHER SO MUCH AS FROM OCCASIONS YOU MAY GLEAN

WE BOTH OBEY



POLONIUS THEN ENTERS AND TELLS THE KING AND QUEEN OF HAMLET'S ACTIONS...

SINCE BREVITY IS THE SOUL OF WIT, I WILL BE BRIEF. YOUR NOBLE SON IS MAD, AND NOW REMAINS THAT WE FIND OUT THE CAUSE OF HIS EFFECT. I HAVE A DAUGHTER WHO, IN HER DUTY HATH GIVEN ME THIS NOW GATHER AND SURMISE



POLONIUS READS FROM A LETTER HAMLET HAD SENT OPHELIA...

"TO THE CELESTIAL AND MY SOUL'S IDOL, THE MOST BEAUTIFUL OPHELIA DOUBT THOU THE STARS ARE FIRE, DOUBT THAT THE SUN DOETH MOVE DOUBT TRUTH TO BE A LIAR, BUT NEVER DOUBT I LOVE."



THIS IN OBEDIENCE HATH MY DAUGHTER SHOWN ME AND MY YOUNG MISTRESS THUS DID I BESPEAK "LORD HAMLET 'S A PRINCE OUT OF THY STAR THIS MUST NOT BE - THEN I PRESCRIPTS * GAVE HER - THAT SHE LOOK HERSELF FROM MY MESSENGERS, RECEIVE NO TOKENS, AND HE REPELL'D, FELL INTO THE MADNESS WHERE N NOW HE RAVES

DO YOU THINK THIS?



HATH THERE BEEN SUCH A TIME THAT I HAVE POSITIVELY SAID, "TIS SO," WHEN IT PROVED OTHERWISE?

HOY, MAY WE TRY IT FURTHER?



SOMETIMES HE WALKS FOUR HOURS ~~HERE~~ HERE IN THE LOBBY AT SUCH A TIME I'LL LOOSE MY DAUGHTER TO HIM BE YOU AND I BEHOLD THE ANSWER * THEN MARK THE ENCOUNTER IF HE LOVE HER NOT AND BE NOT FROM HIS REASON FALLN THEREON ~~ME~~ ME BE NO ASSISTANT FOR A STATE

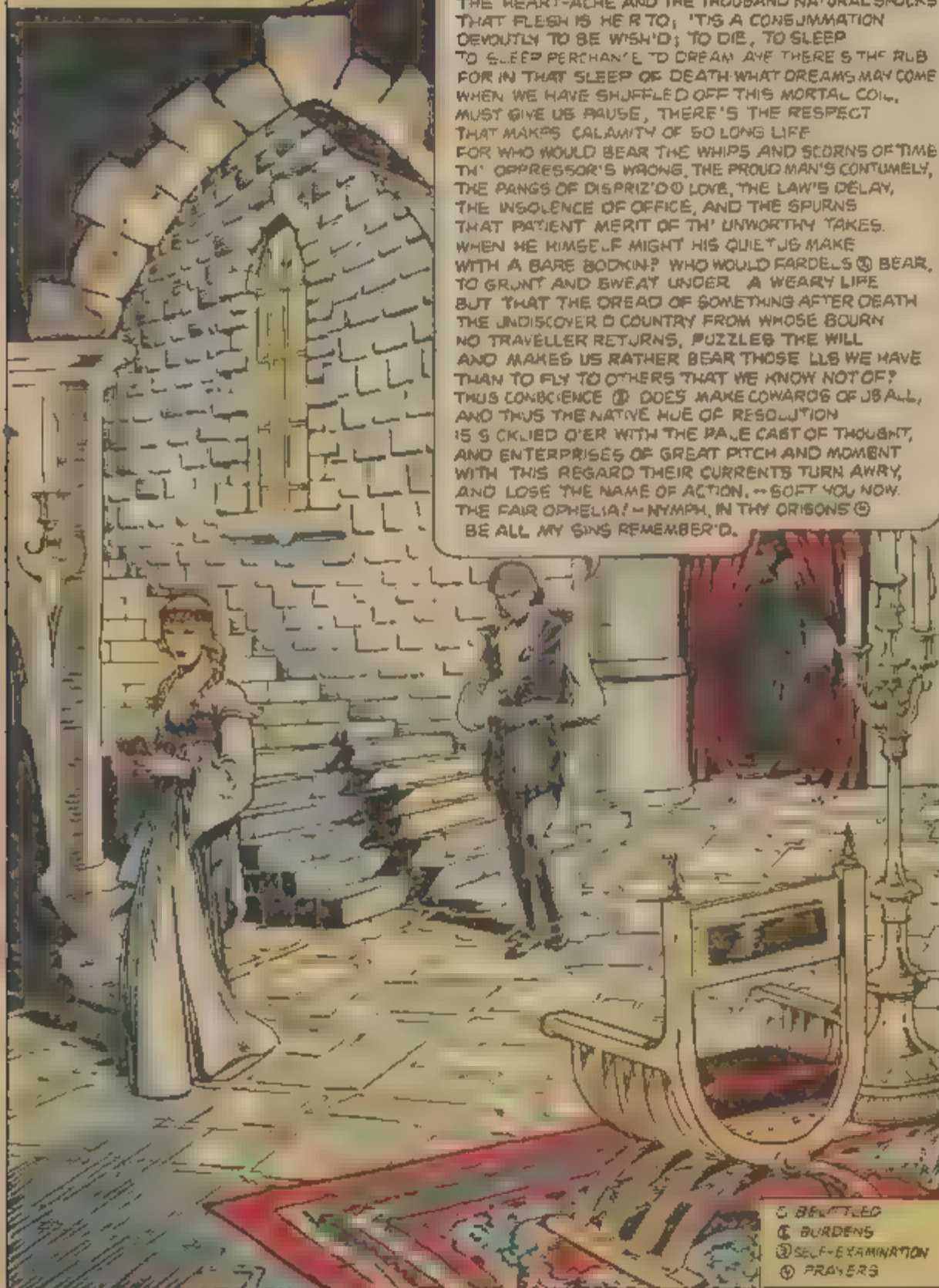
WE WILL TRY IT



HAMLET

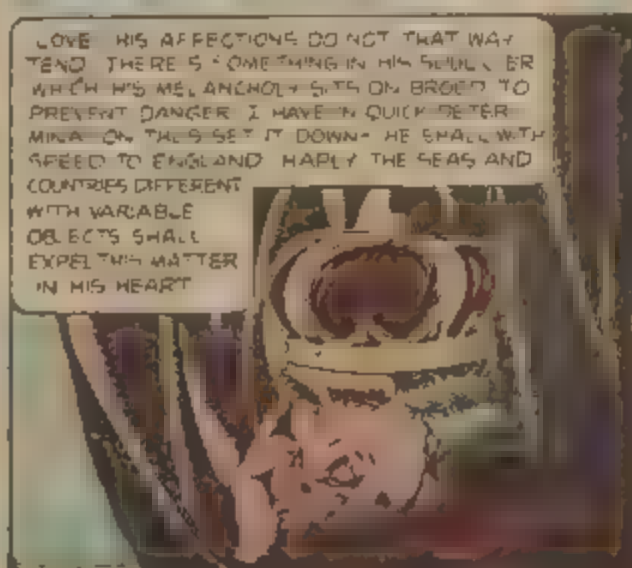
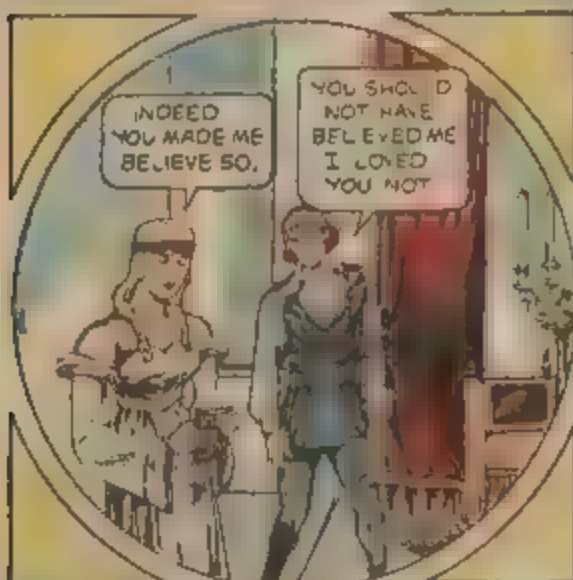
THE FOLLOWING DAY, POLONIUS SETS THE STAGE FOR HIS SCHEME. HAMLET, COMPLETELY UNAWARE OF THE PEOPLE ABOUT HIM, ENTERS. HE IS IN DEEP THOUGHT AND IS CONTEMPLATING SUICIDE.

TO BE, OR NOT TO BE: THAT IS THE QUESTION
WHETHER 'TIS NOBLER IN THE MIND TO SUFFER
THE SLINGS AND ARROWS OF OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE,
OR TO TAKE ARMS AGAINST A SEA OF TROUBLES.
AND BY OPPOSING END THEM. TO DIE, TO SLEEP—
NO MORE, AND BY A SLEEP TO SAY WE END
THE HEART-ACHE AND THE THOUSAND NATURAL SHOCKS
THAT FLESH IS HER TO; 'TIS A CONSUMMATION
DEVOUTLY TO BE WISH'D; TO DIE, TO SLEEP
TO SLEEP PERCHANCE TO DREAM: AYE, THERE'S THE RUB
FOR IN THAT SLEEP OF DEATH WHAT DREAMS MAY COME
WHEN WE HAVE SHUFFLED OFF THIS MORTAL COIL,
MUST GIVE US PAUSE, THERE'S THE RESPECT
THAT MAKES CALAMITY OF SO LONG LIFE
FOR WHO WOULD BEAR THE WHIPS AND SCORNS OF TIME
TH' OPPRESSOR'S WRONG, THE PROUD MAN'S CONTUMELY,
THE PANGS OF DISPRIZ'D LOVE, THE LAW'S DELAY,
THE INSOLENCE OF OFFICE, AND THE SPURNS
THAT PATIENT MERIT OF TH' UNWORTHY TAKES.
WHEN HE HIMSELF MIGHT HIS QUIETUS MAKE
WITH A BARE BODKIN? WHO WOULD FARDELS ^② BEAR,
TO GRUNT AND SWEAT UNDER A WEARY LIFE
BUT THAT THE DREAD OF SOMETHING AFTER DEATH
THE UNDISCOVER'D COUNTRY FROM WHOSE BOURN
NO TRAVELLER RETURNS, PUZZLES THE WILL
AND MAKES US RATHER BEAR THOSE LBS WE HAVE
THAN TO FLY TO OTHERS THAT WE KNOW NOT OF?
THUS CONSCIENCE ^① DOES MAKE COWARDS OF US ALL,
AND THUS THE NATIVE HUE OF RESOLUTION
IS SCKLED O'ER WITH THE PALE CAST OF THOUGHT,
AND ENTERPRISES OF GREAT PITCH AND MOMENT
WITH THIS REGARD THEIR CURRENTS TURN AWAY,
AND LOSE THE NAME OF ACTION. —SOFT YOU, NOW.
THE FAIR OPHELIA! —NYMPH, IN THY ORISONS ^③
BE ALL MY SINS REMEMBER'D.

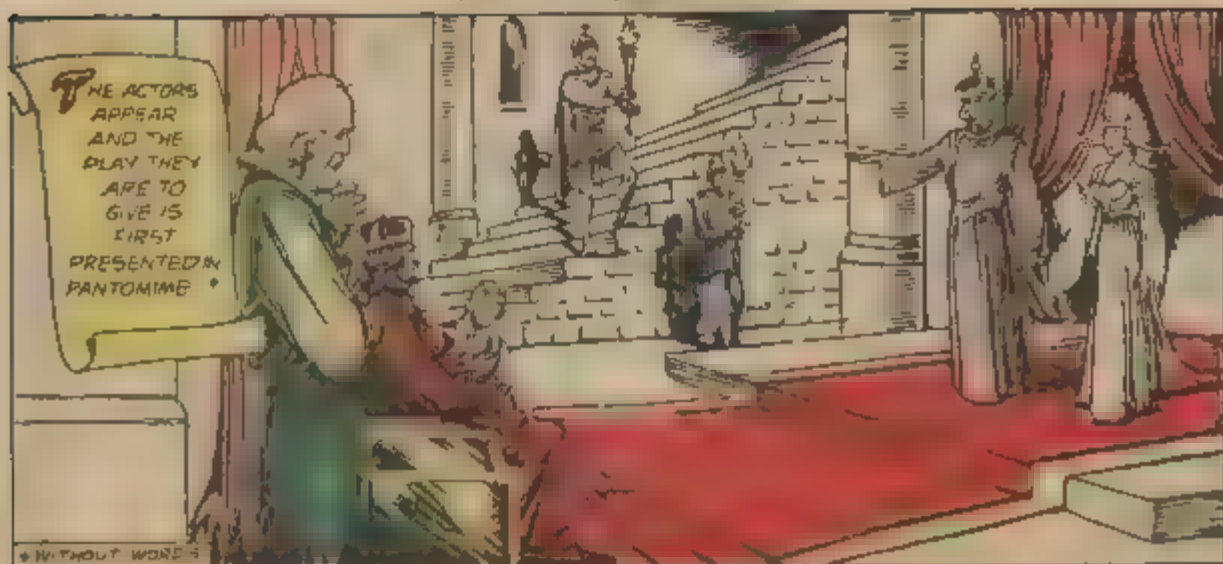


① BELIEVED
② BURDENS
③ SELF-EXAMINATION
④ PRAYERS

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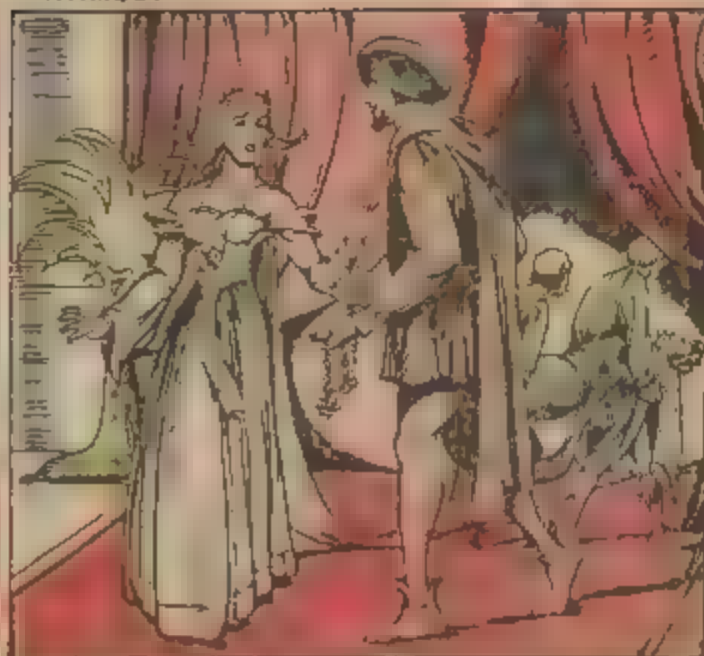
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HAMLET



Puzzled, Ophelia turns to Hamlet



WHAT MEANS THIS MY
LORD? BELIEVE THIS SHOW
IMPORTS THE ARGUMENT
OF THE PLAY?

WE SHALL
KNOW BY THIS
FELLOW

FOR MY ANCESTOR FOR OUR
TRAGEDY HERE "DOOR
ING" TO YOUR CLEMENCY
WE BEG YOUR HEARING
PATIENTLY

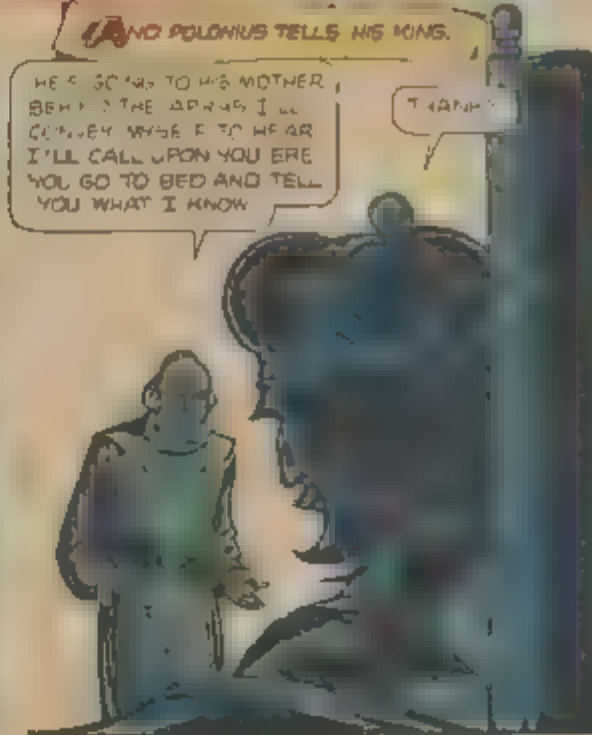
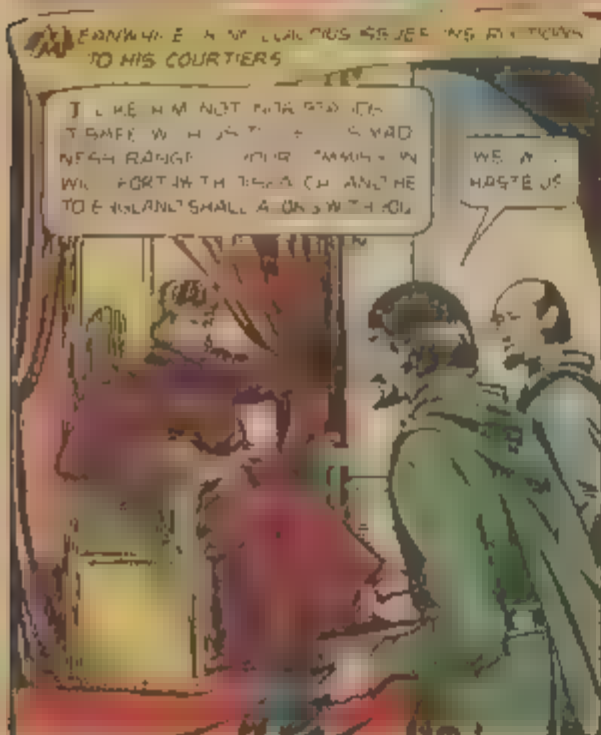
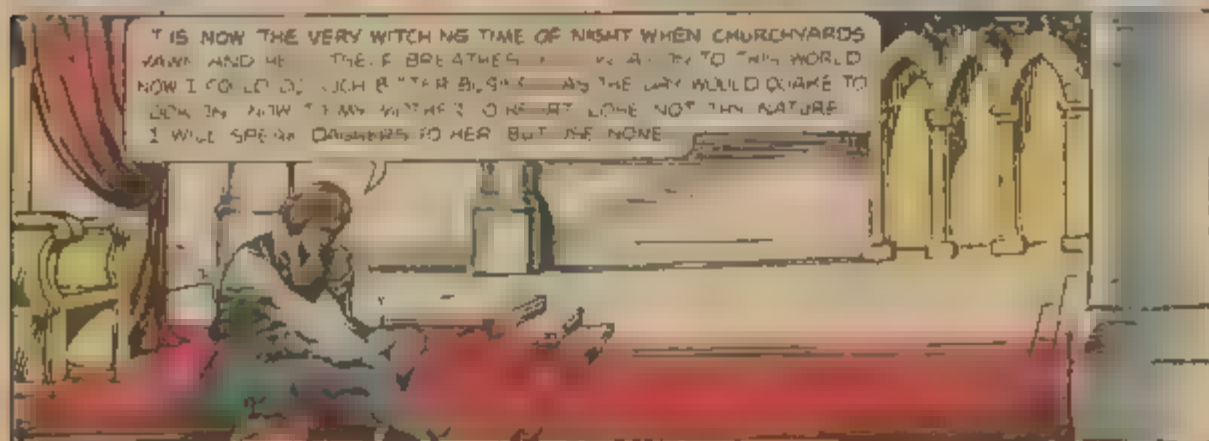


THE
SPEAKING
PLAY BEGINS
IT IS A
REPETITION OF
THE Pantomime
PLAY EXCEPT
THAT THERE ARE
NOW SPOKEN
LINES WHEN
THE ACTORS
ONCE AGAIN PLAY
THE FOLLOWS
SCENE KING
CLAUDIUS
QUOD-
DEN. HE LEAPS
TO HIS FEET
AND SCREAMS.

GIVE ME
LIGHT!



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AFTER POLONIUS LEAVES THE KING
SUDDEENLY BECOMES CONSCIENCE-STRICKEN.

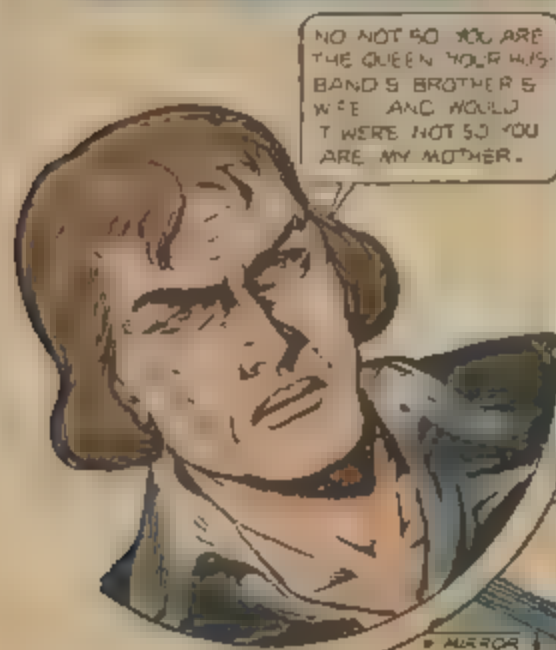
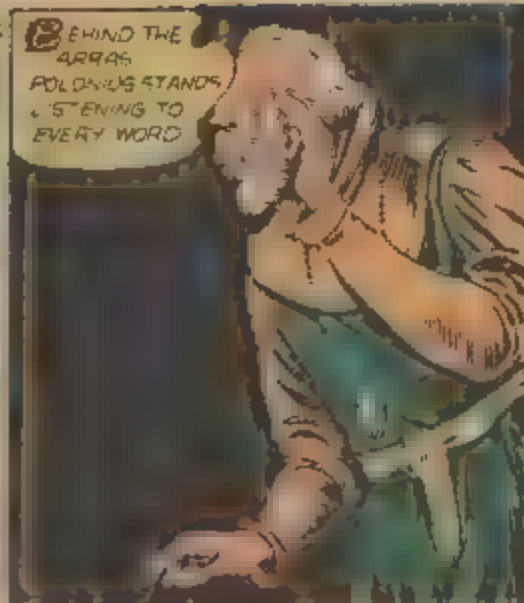
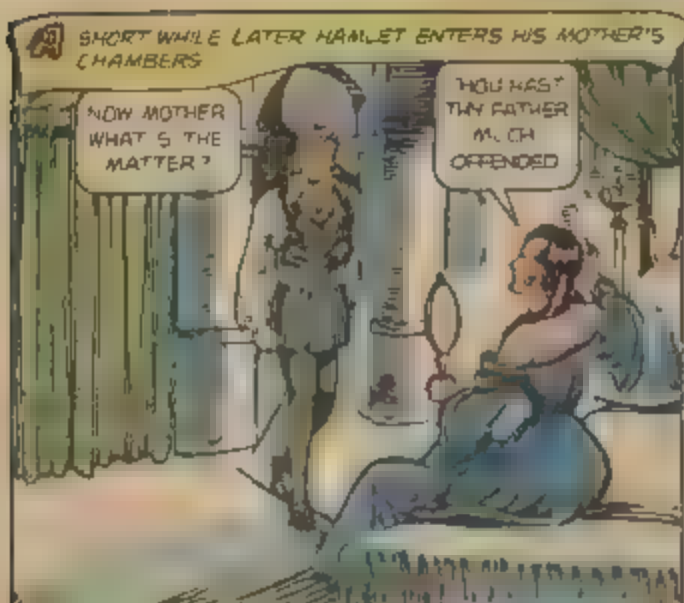
O, MY OFFENCE IS RANK, IT SMELLS TO
HEAVEN; IT HATH THE PRIMAL ELDEST
CURSE UPON T' A BROTHER'S MURDER.
PRAY CAN I NOT THOUGH INCLINATION
BE AS SHARP AS WILL MY STRONGER
GUILT DEFEATS MY STRONG INTENT, AND,
LIKE A MAN TO DOUBLE BUSINESS
BOLND, I STAND IN PAUSE WHERE I
SHALL FIRST BEGIN, AND BOTH NEGLECT.
WHAT IF THIS CURSED HAND WERE
THICKER THAN ITSELF WITH BROTHER'S
BLOOD? IS THERE NOT RAIN ENOUGH IN
THE SWEET HEAVENS TO WASH T' WHITE
AS SNOW? O, WHAT FORM OF PRAYER
CAN SERVE MY TURN? HELP, ANGELS!
BOW, STUBBORN KNEES, AND, HEART
WITH STRINGS OF STEEL, BE SOFT AS
SINews OF THE NEW-BORN BABE! ALL
MAY BE WELL.

HAMLET GOING TO HIS MOTHER'S CHAMBERS,
COVES UPON THE KNEELING KING.

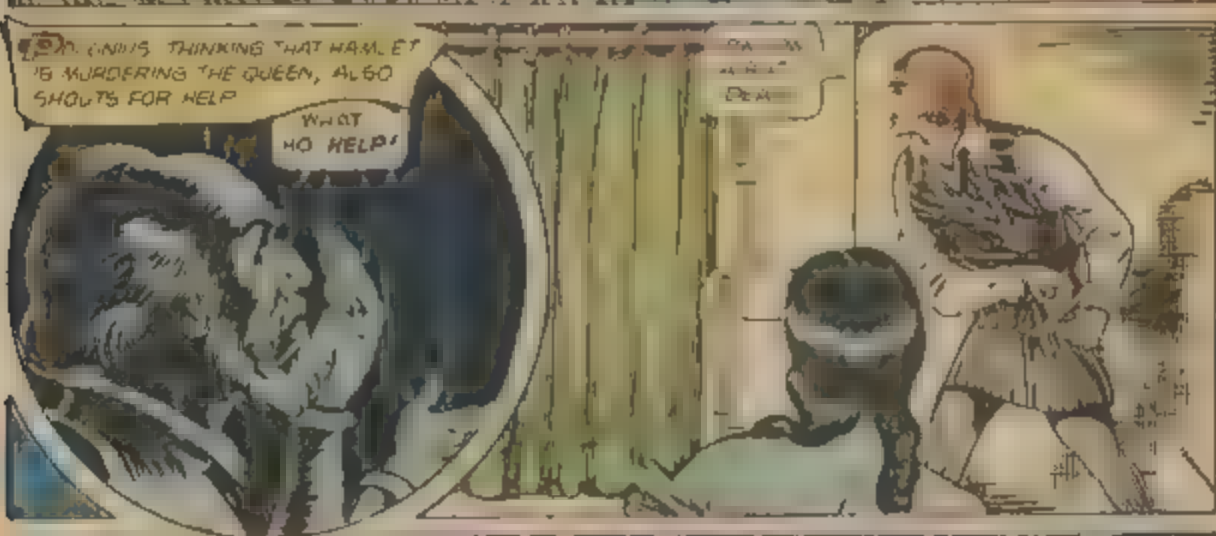
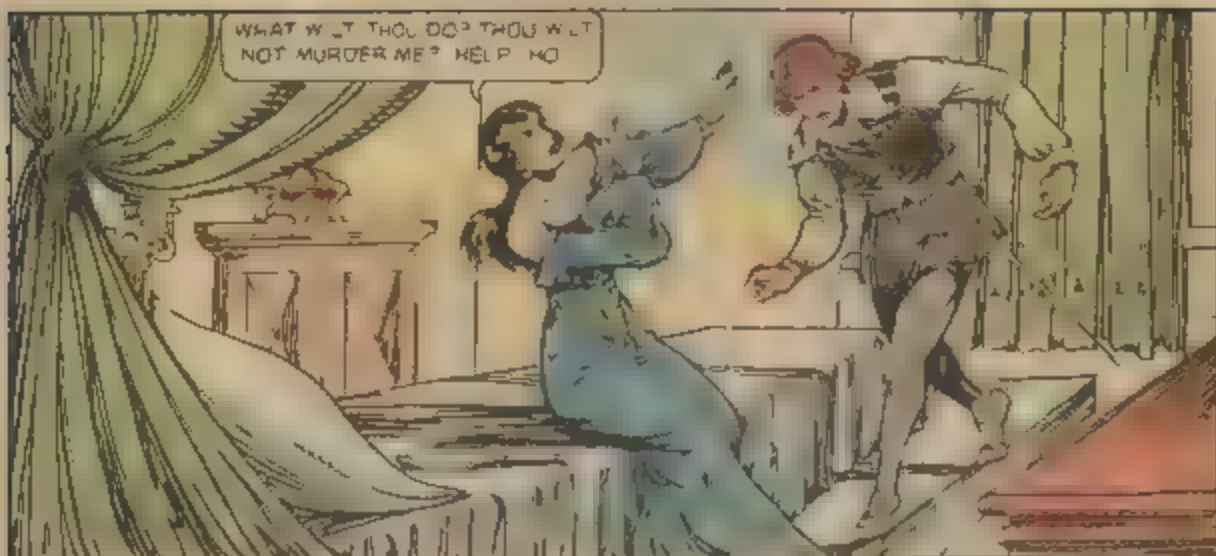
NOW RIGHT I DO IT AND NOW I LL DO 'T AND SO
I AM REVENGED. A VILLAIN KILLS MY FATHER AND
FOR THAT I HIS SOLE SON DO THIS SAME VILLAIN
SEND TO HEAVEN. AND AM I THEN REVENGED, TO
TAKE HIM IN THE PURGING OF HIS SOUL, WHEN HE
S' EIT AND SEASON'D FOR HIS PASSAGE? NO! UP
SWORD AND KNOW THOU A MORE HORRID HENT:
WHEN HE IS OR M'K ASLEEP OR IN HIS RAGE AT
GAME A-SAFARING OR ABOUT SOME ACT THAT
HAS NO REL' SH OF SALVATION IN T' THEN TRIP
HIM THAT HIS SOUL MAY BE AS DAMN'D AND
BLACK AS HELL. WHERE TO IT GOES.

MY WORDS FLY UP
MY THOUGHTS REMAIN
BELOW. WORDS WITH-
OUT THOUGHT NEVER
TO HEAVEN GO.

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HAMLET



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HAMLET

LOOK HERE, UPON THIS PICTURE, AND ON THIS, THE COUNTERFEIT PRESENTMENT OF TWO BROTHERS. SEE WHAT A GRACE WAS SEATED ON THIS BROW AN EYE LIKE MARS, TO THREATEN AND COMMAND, A STATION LIKE THE HERALD MERCURY NEW-LIGHTED ON A HEAVEN-KISSING HILL—A COMBINATION AND A FORM INDEED, WHERE EVERY GOD DID SEEM TO SET HIS SEAL TO GIVE THE WORLD ASSURANCE OF A MAN THIS WAS YOUR HUSBAND, LOOK YOU NOW WHAT FOLLOWS HERE IS YOUR HUSBAND—LIKE A MILDEW'D EAR, BLASTING HIS WHOLESOME BROTHER.

O HAMLET! HERE IS NO MORE
THOUGHTS OF THE OLD KING
MERRY SOUL AND THERE I
SEE SUCH BLACK AND
GRAVED SEITS AS WILL
LEAVE THEIR TINT



B
HAMLET'S ANSWER MOVES
WITH EVERY WORD AND HE CON-
TINUES AS THOUGH THE QUEEN
HAD NOT SPOKE.

A MURDERER AND A VILLAIN
A SNAKE THAT'S NOT TWENTIETH
PART OF YOUR PRESENT LORD

JUST
THEN THE SHOT
ENTERS THE ROOM AND HAMLET
BREAKS TALK TO THE KING AND
THROWING TO THE QUEEN, "O!
OF HIS FATHER

WHO AM
YOUR REVEREND
FATHER?



DO YOU NOT COME COURTARD? SINCE WE
THAT LAPSED IN TIME AND FASHION LET'S DO BY
THE IMPORTANT ACTING OF YOUR DREAD COMMAND



DO NOT FORGET! THIS VISITATION
IS BUT TO WHET THY ALMOST BLUNTED PURPOSE.
BUT LOOK! AMAZEMENT ON THY MOTHER'S TIS.
O, STEP BETWEEN HER AND HER FIGHTING SOUL.
SPEAK TO HER, HAMLET.



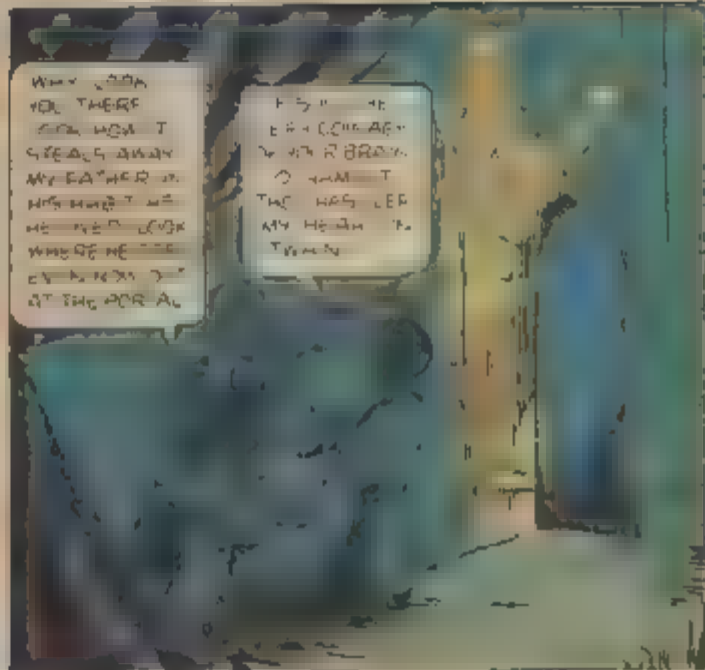
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THE QUEEN TO "OURSE CANNOT
SEE NOR HEAR "HE WAS"

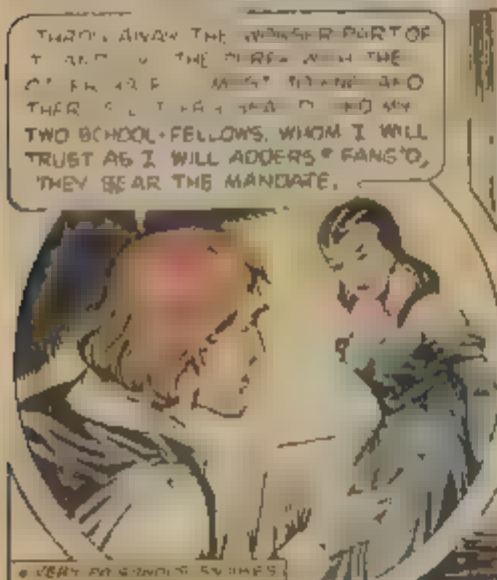
"I W S"
WITH YOU
LADY?

ALAS NOW
I T WITH YOU
HAT YOU DO
BEND YOUR EYE
ON VACANT
AND WITH THE
AIR HOLD ON
"OURSE"
WHEREON
DO YOU LOOK?



WHY LOOK
FOR THERE
FOR HOW I
SLEAZ AWAY
MY FATHER IN
HIS MIND WE
HEVED LOOK
WHERE HE
EV NEX T
AT THE POR AL

"I S" HE
E A COME AB
W H R BROW
O HAT T
THE HAS LER
MY HEAN IN
TOWN



THAT'S AINAY THE WANDER PART OF
T ALD V THE PLEAS WITH THE
OF EN 125 MISTY FIVE AND
THER S L T H A T O D O M Y
TWO SCHOOL-FELLOWS, WHOM I WILL
TRUST AS I WILL ADDERS "FANG'S",
THEY BEAR THE MANDATE.



THIS COUNSELLOR IS
NOW MOST ST L COME
N TO DRAW TOWARD
AN END WITH YOU
AND MEET WITH A



THE QUEEN S S
THE KING OF IS FIVE
HINK OF THE PLEAS WITH THE
OF EN 125 MISTY FIVE AND
THER S L T H A T O D O M Y
TWO SCHOOL-FELLOWS, WHOM I WILL
TRUST AS I WILL ADDERS "FANG'S",
THEY BEAR THE MANDATE.

AND AND F MY LOVE
THE WILDS AT A HT
THE A MOST NO TOLD
LET A WISE AN ORO
LESS WISE A WISDOM AT
C E WISE T
F H H A T
Y FALLO

HAMLET

THE SHOCK OF HER FATHER'S MYSTERIOUS DEATH, THE MADNESS OF HER LOVER HAMLET AND THE LONG ABSENCE OF HER BROTHER, LAERTES, COMBINE TO DRIVE OPHELIA INSANE

HOW SHOULD I YOUR TRUE LOVE KNOW FROM ANOTHER ONE? BY HIS COCKLE HAT AND STAFF, AND HIS SANDAL SHOON

TOMORROW IS ST VA L E N T I N E S DAY
ALL IN THE MORNING BE ME
AND I A MAD AT YOUR WINDOW
TO BE YOUR VALENTINE

WHEN SORROWS COME, THEY COME IN BATTALIONS! FIRST, HER FATHER BLAIN; NEXT, YOUR SON GONE, THE PEOPLE MUDDIED THICK AND UNWHOLESOME IN THEIR THOUGHTS OF POLONIUS' DEATH, POOR OPHELIA DIVIDED FROM HERSELF AND HER FAIR JUDGEMENT. LAST, HER BROTHER, IN SECRET COME FROM FRANCE, FEELS ON HIS WONDER OF HIS FATHER'S DEATH.

A MOMENT LATER LAERTES STORMS THE CASTLE AT THE HEAD OF A RIOTOUS MOB

SRS STAND YOU ALL WITHOUT I PRAY YOU GIVE ME LEAVE

LAERTES
SHE BE
KING
LAERTES
& NOW

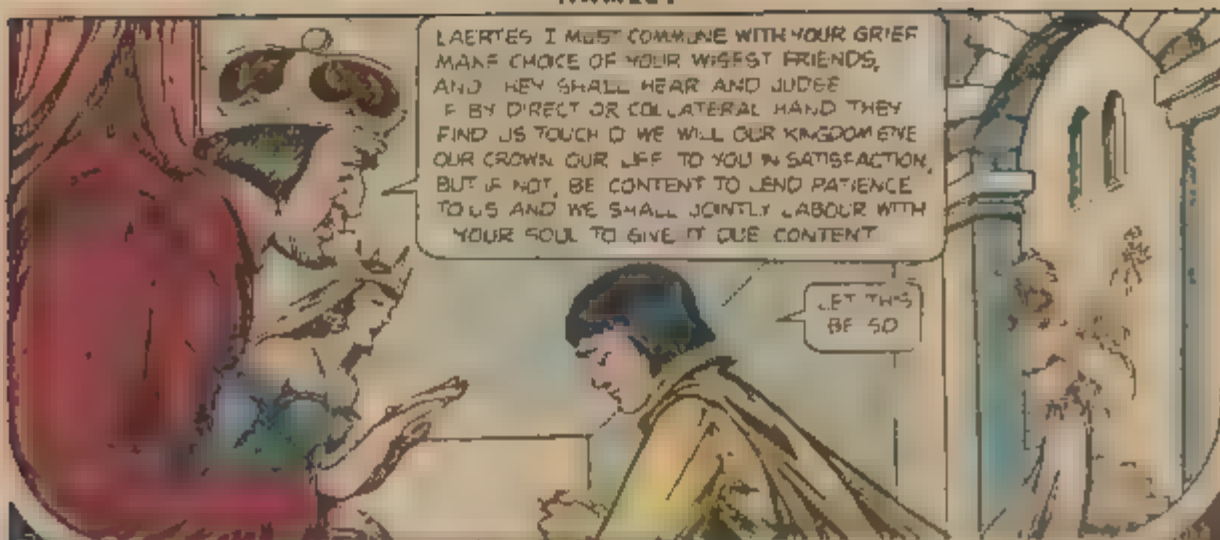
LAERTES CONFRONTS KING CLAUDIUS

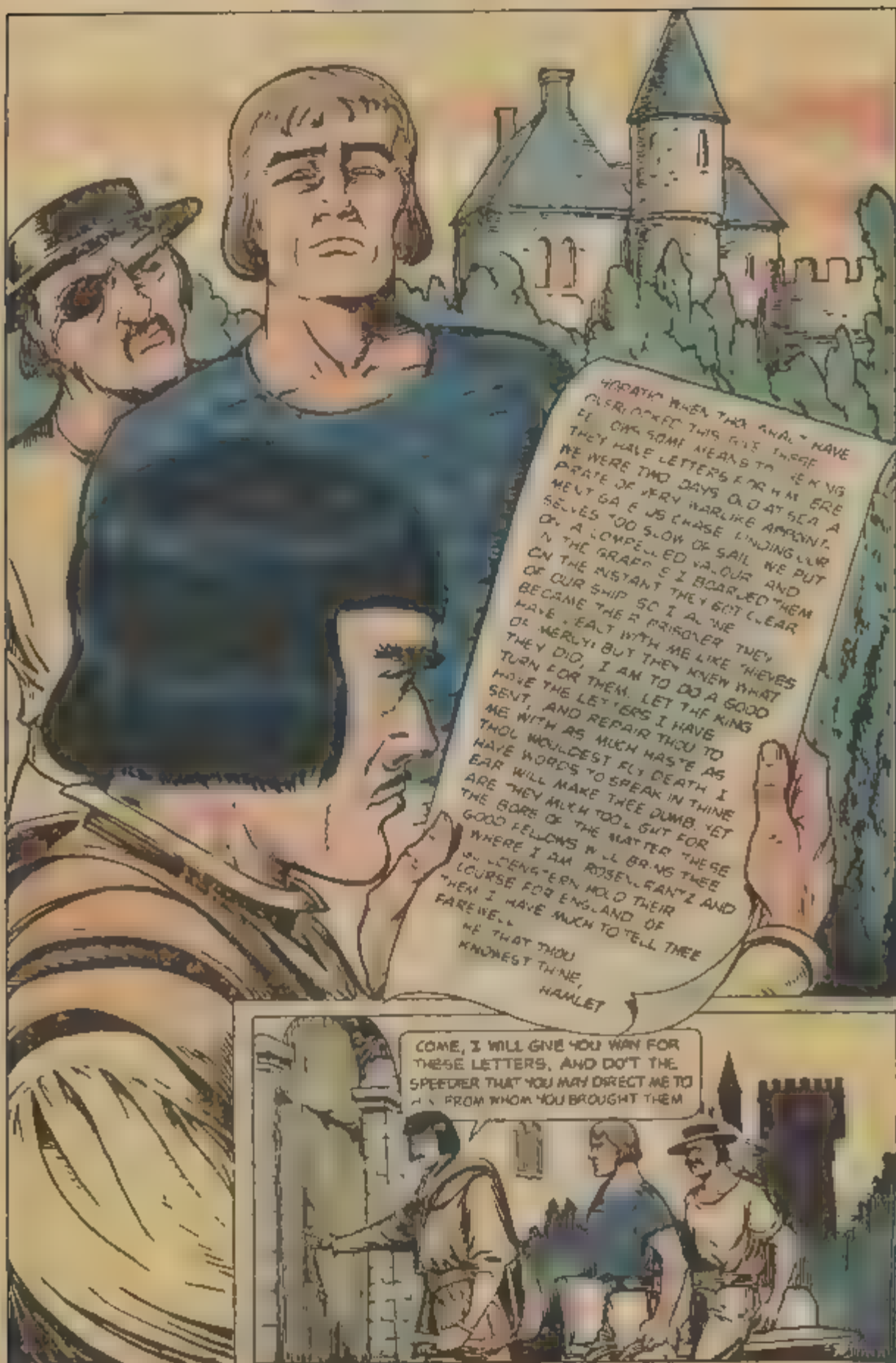
O THOU VILE KING WHERE IS MY FATHER?

CLASSICS Illustrated



HAMLET





HAMLET

MEANWHILE THE KING HAS TOLD LAERTES HOW HAMLET KILLED HIS FATHER

AND YOU MUST PUT ME
IN YOUR HEART FOR FRIEND
YOU HAVE HEARD THAT HE
WHICH HATH YOUR NOBLE
FATHER SLAIN PURSUED
MY LIFE

IT WELL APPEARS, BUT TELL
ME WHY YOU PROCEEDED NOT
AGAINST THESE FEATS, SO
CRIMINAL IN NATURE

FOR TWO SPECIAL REASONS
THE QUEEN LIVES ALMOST BY
HIS LOOKS THE OTHER MOTIVE
WHY TO A PUBLIC COUNT I MIGHT
NOT GO IS THE GREAT LOVE THE
GENERAL GENDER BEAR HIM

AND SO HAVE I A NOBLE
FATHER LOST A SISTER DRIVEN
INTO DESPERATE TERMS BUT
MY REVENGE WILL COME

HE WILL ONLY MISS THINKING THAT HAMLET IS DEAD
IN FEAR AND SPEAKS WORDS

YOU MUST NOT THINK THAT WE
ARE MADE OF STUFF SO FLAT AND
DULL THAT WE CAN LET OUR BEARD
BE SHOOK WITH DANGER AND THINK
IT PASTIME YOU SHORTLY SHALL
HEAR MORE

CLASSICS Illustrated

THE RAILORS GIVE HAMLET'S LETTERS TO A COURT MESSENGER WHO IN TURN DELIVERS IT TO THE KING. THE KING READS THE LETTER ALOUD TO LAERTES.

"HIGH AND MIGHTY, YOU SHALL KNOW I AM SET ON YOUR KINGDOM. TO-MORROW SHALL I BEG LEAVE TO SEE YOUR KINSLY EYES. WHEN I SHALL, FIRST ASKING YOUR PARDON THEREUNTO, RECOUNT THE OCCASION OF MY SUDDEN AND MORE STRANGE RETURN, HAMLET."



ALARMED THE KING QUICKLY PLANS ANOTHER WAY TO DESTROY HAMLET.

I WILL WORK HIM TO AN EXPLOIT, NOW RIPE IN MY DEVICE UNDER WHICH HE SHALL FALL AND FOR HIS DEATH NO WIND OF BLAME SHALL BREATHE BUT EVEN HIS MOTHER SHALL CALL IT ACCIDENT WILL YOU BE RULED BY ME?

MY LORD, I WILL BE RULED, IF YOU COULD DEVISE IT SO THAT I MIGHT BE THE ORGAN.



THE KING UNFOLDS HIS PLAN TO LAERTES. HE BEGINS BY TELLING LAERTES THAT A FRENCH SPORTSMAN, LAMOND, HAD A SHORT TIME BEFORE COME TO DENMARK AND BEFRIENDED HAMLET.



CLASSICS Illustrated

LABERTES IS DELIGHTED WITH THE KING'S WICKED SCHEME HE EVEN OFFERS HIS OWN IMPROVEMENT...

I WILL DO 'T, AND, FOR
THAT PURPOSE I'LL AMOINT
MY SWORD. I BOUGHT AN
JUNCTION * OF A MOUNTE-
BANK ** SO MORTAL THAT
NO CATAPLASM *** CAN
SAVE THE THING FROM
DEATH THAT IS BUT
SCRATCH'D WITHAL. I'LL
TOUCH MY POINT WITH
THIS CONTAGION.

* POISON **S DE SHOW MEDICINE MAN *** POLTICE OF ~,

(A) NO THEN IF THERE
 PLANS A LITTLE
 THE K, WASH
 CANON, WASH
 HE W, PLT WFO
 F, G, JF
 WASH WAT
 H, J, T, N, L
 PL, W, W, W
 T, L, L
 PL, L, L
 THE WASH

THE QUEEN INTERRUPTS THE PLOTTERS WITH BAD NEWS.

THE 27 0000
 TR-4 0000
 OT-4 5 4500
 SC-4500 4
 FC-4 4000
 000000
 DROWN-CHER-EE

TRAIL
WHERE?

HAMLET

"THERE IS A WILLOW GROWS AS. ANT
THE BROOK THAT SHOWS HIS LEAVES
IN THE GLASSY STREAM.



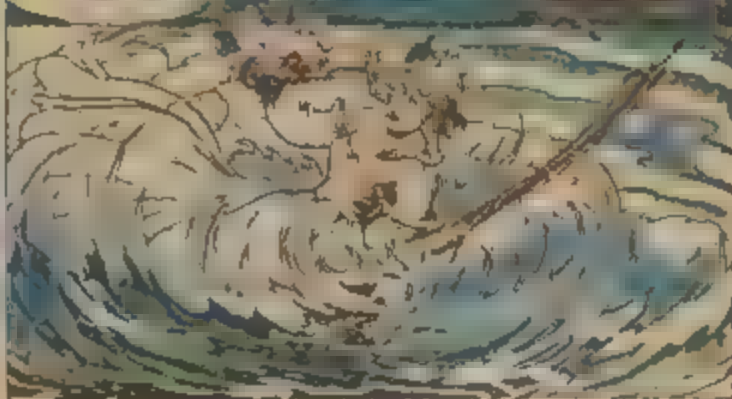
"THERE ON THE TENDENT
BOUGHT HER "WONET" WOODS,
CLAMBERING TO HANDS



"THERE IN THE
FANTASTIC CEARLANDS
DID HE MAKE OF CROW
FLOWERS, NETTLES,
DAKIES, AND
LONG PURPLES.



A SLEAZER
BOOMED WHEN
JUMPING HER REEDY
TODDERS, AND HERSELF
FEELING THE AFTERS
BACON

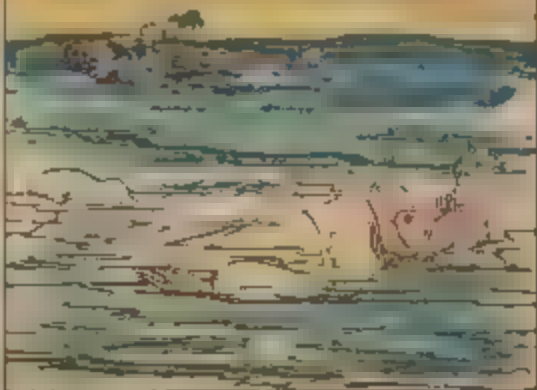


HER CLOTHES SPREAD WIDE AROUND THEM BORE
HER UP, WHICH TIME SHE CHANGED OLD CLOTHES

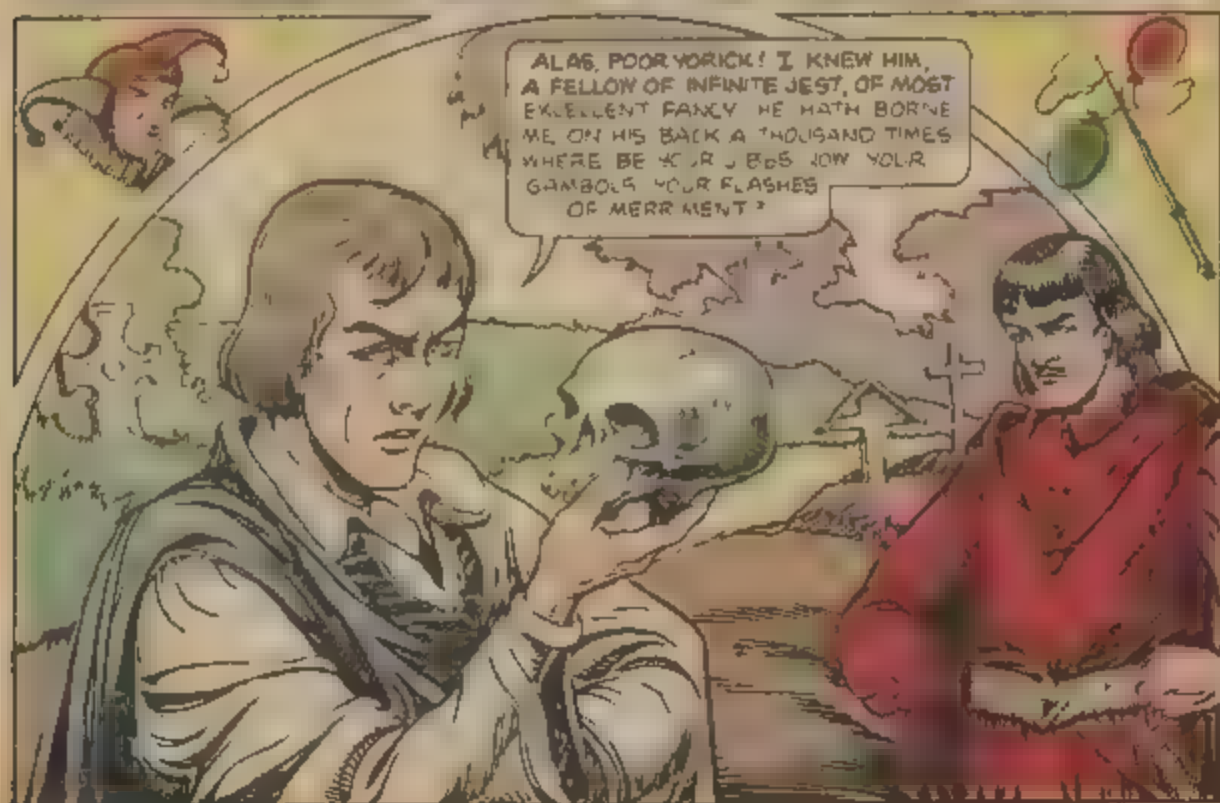
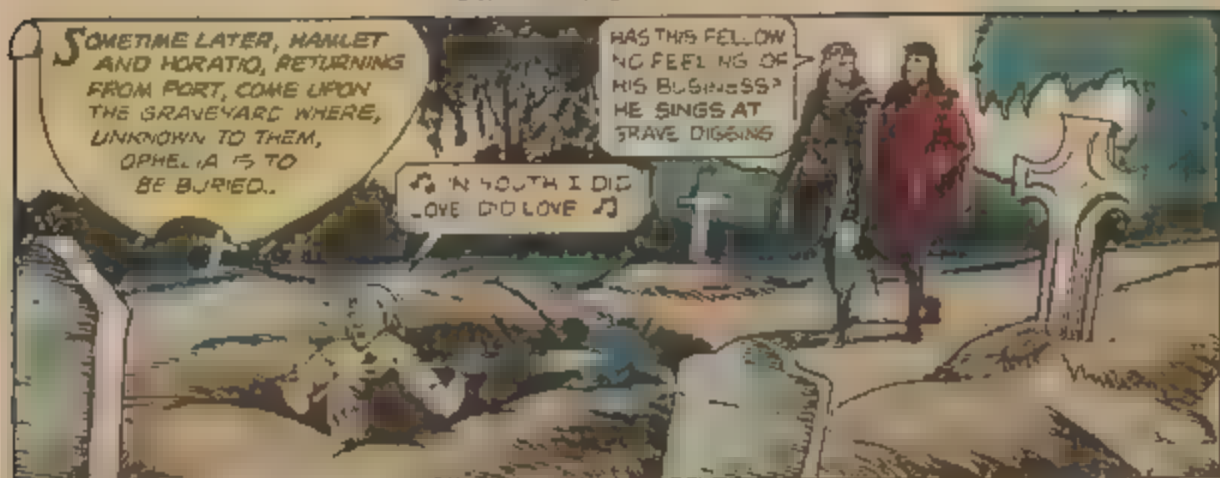


* PPA-MS OF PR-50

"TIL HER
GARMENTS HEAVY WITH DRINK
PULLED THE POOR WRETCH TO
MUDDY DEATH



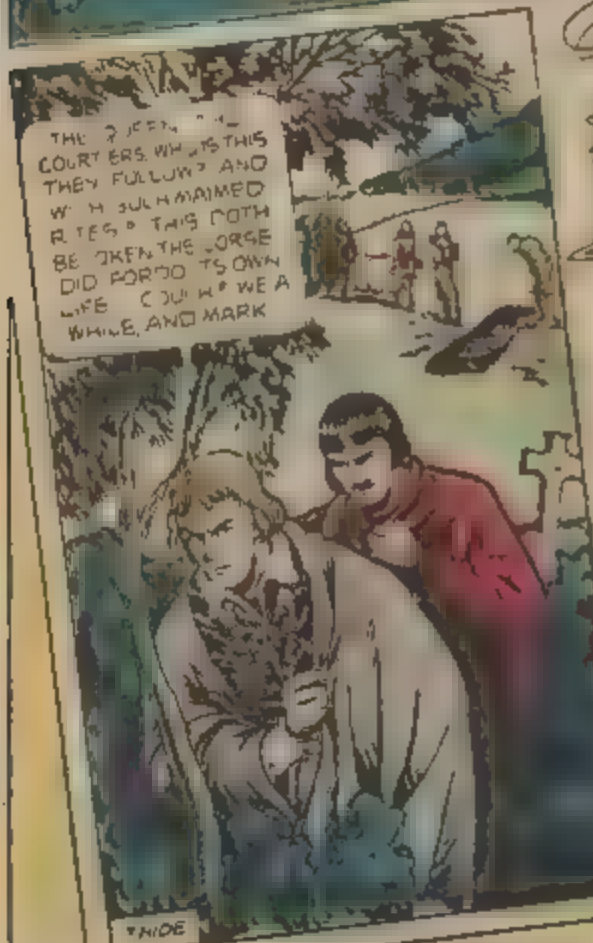
CLASSICS Illustrated



JUST THEN THE FUNERAL
PROCESSION APPROACHES THE GRAVE HAMLET
AND HORATIO, NOT KNOWING WHO IS TO BE BURIED, DO
NOT WISH TO INTRUDE ON THE MOURNERS
PRIVACY AND HIDE THEMSELVES



THE PRINCE OF DENMARK
COURTIER, WHO IS THIS
THEY FOLLOW? AND
WHICH SUITMAINED
RITES? THIS DOUBT
BE TAKEN THE LORDE
DID FORGET TO OWN
HIS COUNTRY WE A
WHILE, AND MARK



WHAT
ERE MONY
ELGE?



THIS IS
A VERY NOBLE
YOUTH



H R IRREFUL HAVE
B FLY ARENARD
AS WE HAVE NO PRANTY
HER DEATH WAS DOUBT-
FUL, YET HERE SHE IS
ALLOWED THE BRINGING
HOME OF BELL AND BURIAL.

MUST THERE NO
MORE BE DONE



NO MORE WE
CAN PROFANE
THE GROUND IF
T HEAL TO BRING
A REDEM AND
SUCH REST TO HER
AS TO PEACE
DEPARTED SOULS

LAY HER IN THE
EARTH AND FROM
HER FAR FLESH
MAY VIOLETS SPRING
MAY NIST RING ANGEL
SHALL MY SISTER BE



HAETES USES "HE WORD SISTER" HAMLET RUSHES FOR H

WHAT
THE FAR
OPHELIA.

SWEETS TO THE SWEET I HOP'D THOU
SH'LDST HAVE BEEN MY HAMLET'S WIFE

O TREBLE WOE FALL
ON THAT CURSED HEAD
WHOSE WICKED DEED THY
SENSE DEPRIV'D THEE OF

UNABLE TO CONTROL HIS GRIEF,
LAERTES LEAPS INTO THE GRAVE

HOLD OFF THE
EARTH A WHILE
TILL I HAVE
CAUGHT HER
ONCE MORE
IN MINE ARMS

ONLY TO BE FOLLOWED BY HAMLET

WHA IF HE WHOSE
SHIT BEGINS SUCH
AN EMPHATIC "HIS"
I HADLE THE JANE

PICK
THEM
ASUNDER

THE DEVIL
TAKE THY
SOUL

ARE THY
FATHERS
MY THY, THAT
HOLD ME
THY HAND



I WILL FIGHT WITH HIM! I LOV'D
OPHELIA! FORTY THOUSAND BROTHERS
COULD NOT, WITH ALL THEIR LOVE,
MAKE UP MY SUM.

FOR OVE
OF GOD,
FORB'AR
HIM

LAERTES STRENGTHEN YOUR PATIENCE
IN OUR LAST NIGHT'S SPEECH WE'LL
PUT THE MATTER TO THE PUSH.



BACK IN THE CASTLE HAMLET TELLS HORATIO THAT ON HIS
TRIP TO ENGLAND, HE HAD STOLEN AND BROKEN OPEN THE
SEALED LETTER ROSENCRANTZ WAS CARRYING

HAMLET THEN TELLS HORATIO
THAT HE WROTE ANOTHER
LETTER ORDERING THAT THE
BEARERS BE PUT TO DEATH
AND PLACED IT IN ROSENCRANTZ'S
BAG. AT THE SAME TIME, HE
DESTROYED THE ORDER FOR
HIS OWN EXECUTION..

I HAD MY FATHER'S SIGNET IN
MY PURSE WHICH WAS THE MODEL
FOR THE DANISH SEAL. I COPIED
THE WRIT UP IN THE FORM OF THE
OTHER SUBSCRIBED IT, GAVE IT THE
IMPRESSION, PLACED IT SAFELY THE
NEXT DAY WAS OUR GREAT FIGHT,
WHAT WAS SEQUENT THOU KNOWEST.



AH MY ALMIGHTY I FULFILL
A COMMAND THAT ON THE SUPER
VISE, NO LEISURE BATED, NO, NOT
TO STAY THE GRINDING OF THE AXE,
MY HEAD SHOULD BE STRUCK OFF



SO GUNDEBERN AND
ROSENCRANTZ GO TO IT

THEY ARE NOT NEAR
MY CONSCIENCE THEIR
DEFEAT DOES BY THEIR
OWN INSINUATION GROW



HAMLET

A MESSENGER BRINGS WORD THAT THE KING WISHES HAMLET TO MEET LAERTES IN A FRIENDLY UEL. "HUS DISPERJING HE AIR OF ENMITY BETWEEN HE TWO HAMLET SEEM WHAT DIS REBEL BY HIS QUARREL WITH LAERTES, FALLS EASILY INTO THE TRAP SET FOR HIM BY THE EVIL KING AND THE VENGEFUL LAERTES BEFORE STARTING THE MATCH HAMLET MAKES FRIENDLY OVERTURES TO HIS OPPONENT

GIVE ME YOUR PARDON SIR I HAVE DONE YOU WRONG BUT PARDON T WHAT I HAVE DONE I PROCLAIM WAS MADNESS.

I DO RECEIVE YOUR OFFER D LOVE L KE LOVE, AND WILL NOT WRONG IT

TRUMPETS SOUND AND THE "FRIENDLY" MATCH BEGINS THE FIRST T SCORE THREE HITS WILL BE DEC ARDED THE WINNER

AFTER THIS EXCHANGE HAMLET AND LAERTES CHOOSE AT RANDOM, WHILE LAERTES PICKS UP THE FOUL WHICH HAS BEEN UNTIPPED AND IMBED WITH POISON

COME ON SIR

COME MY LORD

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS,

ONE

NO.

JUDGEMENT.

A HIT A VEPY PALPABLE HIT

WELL AGAIN

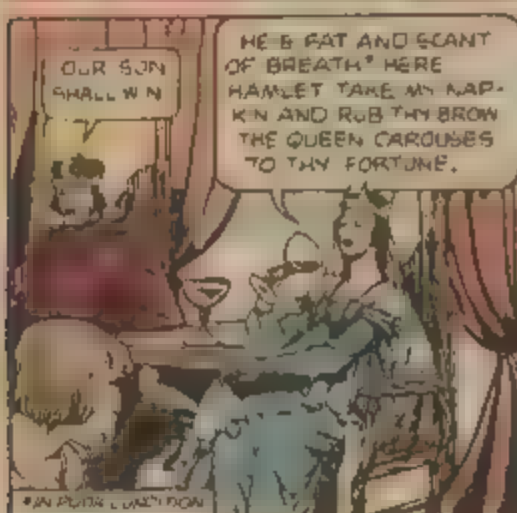
THE KING, FEARING THAT HAMLET'S FINE SWORDSMANSHIP MAY SAVE HIM FROM LAERTES' POISONED FOIL, PREPARES A CUP OF POISONED WINE FOR THE YOUNG PRINCE

STAY HAMLET HERE'S TO THY HEALTH GIVE HIM THE CUP.

I'LL PLAY TH'S BOUT FIRST SET IT BY A WHILE

COME, ANOTHER HIT WHAT SAY YOU?

A TOUCH A TOUCH I DO CONFESS T



HAMLET

AFTER A FEW MOMENTS OF SPARRING, LAERTES FINALLY BREAKS THROUGH HAMLET'S DEFENSE. BUT INSTEAD OF BEING SIMPLY HIT, HAMLET IS ASTOUNDED AND INFURIATED TO FIND THAT HE HAS BEEN WOUNDED BY AN UNTIPPED FOIL. HE NOW REALIZES LAERTES' TRUE INTENT AND RUSHES MADLY AT HIS OPPONENT. AS THEY SCUFFLE, THEY BOTH DROP THEIR FOILS. IN THE ENSUING CONFUSION, THEY MISTAKENLY EXCHANGE FOILS...

PART THEM, THEY ARE INCENS'D.

NAY, COME AGAIN.

WITH A LIGHTNING-LIKE STROKE AND THRUST, HAMLET MORTALLY WOUNDS LAERTES. AT THE SAME MOMENT, THE QUEEN FALLS FROM HER CHAIR...

THEY BLEED ON BOTH SIDES. HOW IS'T, MY LORD?

HOW IS'T, LAERTES?

WHY, I AM JUSTLY KILLED WITH MINE OWN TREACHERY.

HOW DOES THE QUEEN?

SHE SWOONS TO SEE THEM BLEED.

NO, NO, THE DRINK, THE DRINK-- O MY DEAR HAMLET, THE DRINK, THE DRINK! I AM POISONED!



O VILLAIN! LET THE
DOOR BE LOCK'D;
TREACHERY! SEEK
IT OUT!

IT IS HERE, HAMLET, THOU
ART SLAIN. NO MED'CINE
IN THE WORLD CAN DO THEE
GOOD. THE TREACHEROUS
INSTRUMENT IS IN THY HAND,
UNBATED AND ENVENOM'D.
THE KING, THE KING'S TO
BE BLAMED.

THE POINT ENVENOM'D,
TOO! THEN, VENOM, TO
THY WORK, HERE,
THOU MUO'ROUS
DANE. FOLLOW
MY MOTHER!

AS LAERTES DIES,
HAMLET FALLS...

HE IS JUSTLY
SERVED. EXCHANGE
FORGIVENESS WITH
ME, NOBLE HAMLET.
MINE AND MY FATHER'S
DEATH COME NOT UP-
ON THEE, NOR THINE
ON ME!

I AM DEAD, HORATIO,
THOU LIVEST. REPORT
ME AND MY CAUSE
ARIGHT. IF THOU DIDST
EVER HOLD ME IN THY
HEART, TELL MY STORY.

NOW CRACKS
A NOBLE HEART,
GOOD-NIGHT,
SWEET PRINCE,
AND FLIGHTS OF
ANGELS SING
THEE TO THY REST.

CURTAIN

NOW THAT YOU HAVE READ THE CLASSICS Illustrated EDITION, DON'T
MISS THE ADDED ENJOYMENT OF READING THE ORIGINAL, OBTAINABLE
AT YOUR SCHOOL OR PUBLIC LIBRARY.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

THROUGHOUT THE YEARS, the works of William Shakespeare are read by more people than anything that has ever been written with the exception of the Bible. As a result, many of Shakespeare's expressions have become part of our everyday language. When we use an expression such as "What's in a name?" we usually do not realize that the phrase comes from Shakespeare's play, "Romeo and Juliet." Unconsciously, we ac-



cept it as part of our speech. The effect that Shakespeare has on our thinking and living is tremendous, even though the greatest genius of words and thoughts has been dead more than 300 years.

William Shakespeare was born in the little town of Stratford-on-Avon, England, in the year 1564. The third son of John and Mary Shakespeare, of middle class standing, Shakespeare received a good education, which was to be the basis of his later literary success.

At the age of eighteen, Shakespeare married Anne Hathaway, a girl eight years his senior. The young couple faced hard times after their two children were born and it was necessary for the young father to improve his finances elsewhere. In 1587, he arrived in London.

From writings and documents, it is safe to conclude that Shakespeare became well-known as a playwright and actor very soon after reaching London. As early as 1592, he was mentioned by a fellow writer, Robert Greene. The following year, his "Venus and Adonis," a poem dedicated to the Earl of Southampton, his benefactor and patron, was published. Shakespeare was on the road to fame.

Shakespeare's first play, "Love's Labor Lost," was written in 1590 and from then on until his death, he wrote plays on the average of one every six months.

When Shakespeare was financially able, he purchased a share in the Globe Theatre and property in Stratford. Shakespeare's plays became popular immediately and there are records of his having produced plays

before Queen Elizabeth and other members of royalty.

Shakespeare's plays fall into three classes—Comedies, Tragedies and Histories. It is well to note that he has produced masterpieces in each of the three.

As a young man, Shakespeare was interested in writing comedies and the best of these are "The Taming of the Shrew" and "The Comedy of Errors." As he grew older, Shakespeare's thoughts turned to history. It was during this

time that he wrote such gems as "Henry V" and "Julius Caesar."

As Shakespeare became more affluent and mature, his mind turned to the bitterness and tribulations of life. It was during this period that he wrote such great tragedies as "Macbeth" and "Hamlet." Finally, during the twilight of his career, with the serenity of middle age, he wrote such beautiful plays as "The Tempest" and "The Winter's Tale."

It is remarkable how Shakespeare's works have endured when we consider the handicap under which he wrote. To begin with, Shakespeare wrote with the knowledge that his plays must be acted on a very small stage and with limited facilities.

The Elizabethan audience was much different from today's. Most often, the spectator in Shakespeare's time was an illiterate lout who believed in ghosts and witches and found enjoyment in low comedy and horror scenes. Shakespeare's plays, however, contain such beauty, wisdom and understanding that his plays have endured.

On April 23, 1616, Shakespeare died in his home at Stratford. The cause of his death is not known. Perhaps the great tribute was paid him by Ben Johnson, himself a great man. Said Johnson: "He was honest, and of an open and free nature, and had an excellent phantasy, brave notions, and gentle expressions."



STORIES OF EARLY AMERICA

"Remember the Alamo!"

IN 1835, MEXICO claimed the land that is now Texas. The Mexican President, Santa Anna, who called himself "The Napoleon of the West," passed laws which restricted the freedom of the Texans. One law stated that the Texans had to give up their arms. Instead of laying down their guns, the Texans rebelled and in December, 1835, they captured the city of San Antonio de Bexar.

Santa Anna, determined to retake San Antonio, marched north with four thousand men.

The Texans planned to use the Mission del Alamo for their fort. The Alamo consisted of a thick enclosing adobe wall in the shape of a parallelogram about fifty by one hundred and fifty yards. Inside the wall were low barracks and off a connecting court stood the stone church of the mission.

Sam Houston, the Texan general, realized that the Alamo could not be defended against Santa Anna's onslaught with only one hundred and forty soldiers. He sent word ordering the men to retreat; the garrison preferred to make a stand.

Famous frontiersman Davy Crockett and eleven other riflemen from Tennessee arrived at the Alamo on February 11, 1836. There he joined the legendary Colonel James Bowie for whom the long fighting knife had been named. In command was Lieutenant-Colonel William B. Travis, twenty-eight, a red-headed lawyer from South Carolina.

On February 23rd, sixteen hundred Mexicans attacked the Alamo but were easily repulsed. The Mexicans dug in and began to bombard the mission.

Santa Anna demanded the fort's surrender. The answer came in shell fire. By hoisting a red flag, Santa Anna signalled that no quarter would be given the Texans.

Travis sent out a message calling for aid but added, "I shall never surrender or retreat!" Thirty-two more men joined him on the morning of March 1st.

The shelling continued for eleven days but, miraculously, no Texan was killed. Santa Anna now commanded four thousand troops. The Texans had only one hundred and eighty-four.

Before dawn, on Sunday, March 6, came the awaited assault. Davy Crockett, with his trusty rifle "Betsey" and the eleven Tennesseans, stood at a weak spot in the wall.

The Mexicans swarmed at the walls with scaling ladders, bayonets fixed. The Texans held their fire until the first waves had nearly reached the wall... then they opened up with cannon, rifles and pistols. The Mexicans retreated....

At dawn, the second assault came, and again was thrown back. This time, part of the north wall of the Alamo crumbled. Although the Mexican ranks were badly battered, the Texans had lost few men.

Then came the third assault. The Mexicans were cut down by the score but weight of numbers carried them to the wall. Ladders were thrown against it; men surged up.

The defenders met them—knife and tomahawk against bayonet.

Then, as though a dike holding back the sea had broken, the Mexicans swept over the wall. Colonel Travis died with a bullet through the brain.

The Texans rushed for shelter. Davy Crockett and his Tennesseans, trapped in the open court, stood to the death. Heaped around Crockett and two of his men were sixteen dead Mexicans. Jim Bowie died on his sick bed, knife in hand, a dead Mexican across him. By nine o'clock in the morning, every one of the one hundred and eighty-four Texans was slain.

Santa Anna's forces were so mauled they never regained their full strength. Santa Anna had lost sixteen hundred men. The Texans had lost Bowie, Travis and Crockett... but had gained a battle cry that carried them on to their ultimate victory... "Remember the Alamo!"

